

KATHARINE ANNE VON HOLT CALDWELL

THE WATUMULL FOUNDATION ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

Katharine Anne von Holt Caldwell

(1900 -)

The youngest of five children, Mrs. Caldwell is the daughter of Harry Martens and Ida Knudsen von Holt and the granddaughter of Valdemar and Anne Sinclair Knudsen. Her paternal grandparents, Hermann J.F. and Lily Brown von Holt, came to Hawaii in the mid-1880's. Harry M. von Holt was a conservationist with the Board of Agriculture on Oahu.

Mrs. Caldwell attended Valley School, Punahou School and Westover School in Connecticut. In 1923 she married Henry B. Caldwell who had studied agriculture at the University of Illinois and had come to Hawaii in 1922 to pursue his interest in the pineapple industry. They had four children--Jean, Mary Karen, Samuel Robert and Harry.

This transcript contains Mrs. Caldwell's recollections of her childhood, family life, and growing up in Hawaii. She tells of camping at Pa-lehua in the Waiānāe Mountains and of her father's conservation practices there; and relates many anecdotes about prominent island personalities.

Lynda Mair, Interviewer

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INTERVIEW WITH KATHARINE ANNE VON HOLT CALDWELL

(MRS. HENRY B. CALDWELL)

At her Laie District home, Laie 96762

January 7, 1972

C: Katharine Anne von Holt Caldwell

M: Lynda Mair, Interviewer

C: (reading from her diary of 1912) That was the Joe [Joseph Platt] Cookes' house. Then we had lunch with brown bread and butter. It was very good. (laughter) I had a cousin staying with me--Ruth Knudsen [Hanner]. Ruth and I went over to The Dunes to see a statue which was there. At The Dunes, which was the [James B.] Castles' place, there was this statue that Mrs. [Julia White] Castle had put up in memory of her sister [Nellie] who died in childbirth. It was "A Calm Motherhood" and there was this beautiful white statue [of a woman] with a little boy and holding a baby. It used to be quite a pilgrimage. We used to always go and see The White Lady, you see. It was something to see.

At two o'clock we went in bathing. It was lovely but there were a lot of Portuguese man-of-war which were floating around. (Lynda chuckles) When we came out we started on again and, oh, the views were lovely. We passed the old mill where Willie [William] Wilder was boiled in the sugar.

M: I've heard that story.

C: That's a very famous story. [On his ninth birthday, Willie Wilder accidentally fell into a vat of boiling sugar in Kualoa and died twenty hours later. See p. 13-14, Wilder's of Waikiki by Kinau Wilder.] We came up the Pali in seven minutes.

M: Seven minutes?

C: And almost bumped into an old wagon which was on the wrong side. (Lynda chuckles) Well, you've no idea, my dear, what it was like in those days because it was all cobblestones and when you went in a carriage, which I had done--this was the first time I had ever gone in a car--the

horses struck sparks on the cobblestones, you see, and they stumbled and it was very steep, not like it is now. Not like it is now. Seven minutes was an amazing feat. Don't you think that's a riot? I don't know whether any of this is what you want.

M: Yes, it is.

C: July the 27th; this is still 1912: Kinau Wilder asked me and Peggy [Wilder (Mrs. Douglas) Blyth] and Natalie Wood--Peggy is Peggy Blyth who has died now--to come down to see the Great Raymond. He threw his cards all over the audience. Mother tore mine up by mistake but I glued it together again.

M: What was he?

C: He was a magician. He was divine; used to make rabbits come out of hats and things, you know, and we thought he was absolutely stupendous.

M: Was he someone that would come here on a tour or . . .

C: He'd come to give a show or two, you see, on the ship, probably on his way to the Orient or something. That's the only way they came because they didn't come to. . . . Well, I remember very well. That was very exciting.

M: I'll bet.

C: Oh, here's something that's gone to 1909. Well, let's see what this is: Thank you for the little bag you gave me. This is just like handkerchief; it's fine. When Mr. and Mrs. Newell were here they went up to Halemanu and when they were coming down, two little kids were lying in the grass and the mother had run away. They picked them up and brought them home to me and they are as dear as can be. Your loving cousin, Ruth. 1909.

I don't think anything like this is what's interesting to you but I get a kick out of looking at it and I just thought it might bring something to my poor feeble mind. This is somebody's baby that was born.

This is Bobby Carter: Won't you come to my party on the 9th of November from three to five o'clock? Robert Carter. (Lynda laughs) That's Bobby Carter [George Robert Carter, Jr.] who lives on Maui now, you know. He's a grandparent.

Anna Karen Cooke. That's Mrs. [William W.] McCarthy now. Anna Karen.

M: She remarried?

- C: Yes. She's called A.K. She was married to [Ralph B.] Johnson and then she remarried last year.
- M: I know her daughter very well.
- C: Do you?
- M: Her daughter, Karen Mary, is Donald's cousin. My husband's cousin. [Donald Cushnie Mair]
- C: Oh, I see. Oh, how lovely. Well, this is A.K. This is A.K.'s mother inviting me to come to her house to play with her cousins, Anna Kathrine [McLane (Mrs. Livingston) Jenks] and Laurence [Sorenson] McLane, Saturday, January the 13th at three o'clock.
Valentine's Day. (shows an old photograph) Don't you love it?
- M: Oh, let's see that.
- C: My most attractive and best. (Lynda laughs) Peggy's was the cutest. My most attractive. Oh, I think they're rare.
- M: (laughs) That hat! They really wore hats like that too. They were almost that big.
- C: Oh, they did. And this was my first opera. Now that might be something. The first opera came in 1913, March the 4th. Listen to this. You're going to die over this. It gives the program and then: Il Trovatore by the Lombardi Grand Opera Company was the most wonderful, thrilling, glorious thing I ever saw. It was very sad but it didn't seem so sad till I got home and then came the flood. (Lynda laughs) I couldn't go to bed because I was weeping so over this tragedy that I'd just lived through. We had a bathroom that looked out over the garden and it was moonlight and I put the toilet seat down and sat on it and leaned on the window and wept. I suppose I must have sat there for an hour. Especially Act IV, Scene 1 was perfectly heavenly. This is my first grand opera and I simply adore it. It was so pathetic. I wasn't thirteen yet. I was twelve.
- M: What were these companies? Were they from the Mainland?
- C: Yes, this was an operatic company that came down here. They were called the Lombardi Grand Opera Company. We had an opera house, you see. You must have heard that from somebody.
- M: Yeh.

C: But it was marvelous. It was really very good. They had good scenery and they had marvelous singers. They were all very good singers. It was every bit as good as the opera we're getting right now. And they came by ship; there were no planes. So it's really quite interesting. Our cultural level was fairly high. Of course it was also small but we had awfully wealthy people who supported this sort of thing, you know. Naturally. I mean it was the thing.

M: It wouldn't pay for itself hardly, I guess.

C: No. And here were all the people I was in love with, 1921, 1921, 1922. Nineteen twenty-two to 1947, that was the one I married. (Lynda laughs) I think that's rather rare. Oh, this was from Warren Pales. Oh my, that was romantic. He was in love with my sister but that was all right. I don't know why I kept all this rubbish but I was looking through my books the other day and I found this and I thought, "Well, that poor girl coming up here. If I take this out it may have some kind of a. . . ." This must be one of my children, I think. This is a Moon Man. Yes, 1929. That was undoubtedly [Mary] Karen, Mrs. Thomas [Dunn] Perkins now. And here's my first child's hair, Mary Karen's curls--my oldest daughter. I don't think that there's anything that you really want in here. I don't know. As I say, whether any of this stuff is what you want or not, I don't know, but you just have to kind of. . . . Yes, I know one thing that I must tell you about: that trip around the island.

M: Yeh, do.

C: What do you suppose this is? (recorder turned off and on again) When I was young we used to have games that we played and we all took parts and these were all the movie actresses that were famous in those days: Anita Stewart, Ina Claire. I don't know who Marguerite is.

M: Did you see movies regularly?

C: Oh yes. We were very thrilled with movies. Harold Lloyd. We all took the names of movie actresses and then pretended we were them and did plays. That used to be rather fun because we had a big attic at my mother's house and we used to put on these shows, you know. Dramatic wasn't the word for it; everybody was always swooning and dying. (Lynda laughs) Mary Pickford, Antonio Marino. Marguerite who, do you suppose? I didn't put down Marguerite. I wonder what Marguerite that was. Blanche Harold.

M: Well, you were a teenager or so when the first movies came here?

C: Oh yes, I was a teenager. I suppose this is about the time but aren't they gorgeous?

M: Yeh.

C: Anita Stewart. We used to make Babbie Poki look like Anita Stewart. Sessue Hayakawa's another one that we were all mad for. Wally. Wally what? Terrible that I can't remember his name. You'd think I would have put it down. I never thought I'd forget it in those days. Wallace Reed, that's who it was. And this is Geraldine Farrar. Oh dear, he was so romantic.

I'm afraid this is a story I wrote. I don't think we need to go into that. I used to illustrate them with pictures that I cut out, see. This is the hero and this is the heroine. Oh, the stories I wrote. Really, some of them were simply too rare. They just think teenagers are wild now. (Lynda laughs) Oh, I think this is a kick. I didn't realize I had all this in here too. Someday I'm going to have to read this to myself.

Here's things written for my children: "At dawn I sighed to see my hairs fall; at dusk I sighed to see my hairs fall, for I dreaded the time when the last lock should go. They are all gone and I do not mind at all. I have done with that cumbrous washing and drying; my tire-some comb forever laid aside. Best of all, when the weather is hot and wet, I have no topknot weighing down on my head. I put aside my dusty conicle cap and loose my collar fringe. In a silver jar I have stored a cold stream on my bald pate; I trickle a ladleful." This was something from the Chinese: "Like one baptized with the water of Buddha's law, I sit and receive this cool cleansing . . . and now I know why the priest who seeks repose frees his heart by shaving his head." That's pretty cute.

I don't think there's anything in here really, dear. I'm sorry. I just thought this might bring something back to mind. All the things that World War I brought to my mind, you see, I put them in here. They're all in here. I must have kept this thing for years. "America's Answer to We Shall Not Sleep." "They talk about a woman's fear as though it had a limit. There's not a place in earth or heaven; there's not a task to mankind given; there's not a blessing or a woe; there's not a whispered yes or no; there's not a single life or birth that has a feather's weight of worth without a woman in it." I was a woman's lib [advocate of equal rights for women] even in those days (Lynda laughs) but I'm sure not one now.

"I wish my room had a floor; I don't so much care for

a door, but this walking around without touching the ground is getting to be rather a bore."

M: That sounds like Ogden Nash. (recorder turned off and on again) You might start here and I can ask you questions and sort of fill in around that.

C: My first remembrances probably would be the things that would be sensible, and I think the first thing I remember at all--I was trying to think back on what my first memory is and I was very small because I was still riding on the front of my dad on the horse, because we went up to the mountains on horseback. We had a camp up in the Waianae Mountains up there, and my first remembrance of that was riding up the trail [to the Palehua campsite].

He had a pillow that he had tied onto a board that had a hole in it to fit over the pommel of his Spanish saddle, so that it was tied on and it was very secure. I think I went up there first when I was only about eight months old. He used to take everybody up there when they were still just old enough to sit up, and then he'd have his arm around them and use the other hand [to rein the horse]. He was a wonderful rider and they were always tame old horses.

But I remember this going up the valley sitting there and I was still small enough so that my legs were long enough to reach down to the horse, but I was still too small to be led on a horse. I was led on a horse from about [the age of] three, so this was before that. And I can remember very well going over the trail and into a valley to look at a white indigenous hibiscus that had a lovely sweet smell, and that still grows up there. Periodically we find the bushes of it there.

M: Oh really?

C: I haven't been up for ages and ages so I don't know whether the honohono grass has killed it or not. Of course in those days there was ground water, you see. We had lots of springs because it rained more, or else the terrain was different. I don't know what happened but it changed. The climate has changed very much. The Waianae Mountains were dry and Dad planted all the trees. Almost everything that's up there was planted by Dad and his two foresters because he was on the Board of Agriculture, trying to save the mountains from being completely cleaned out by goats.

We had a great project up there. That's one of the reasons why we had the camp. We were allowed to camp up there because Dad used to go up first with hunters to kill the goats that were denuding the forest. And of course we believed very firmly- and I don't know whether it's an ex-

ploded theory, but it isn't in my light--that if you have trees, water comes and collects. It does do this, and I know that you have more water in a place where you have forests than you do in a place where you don't.

So that's my first memory, was going up the valley and riding, and then I remember afterwards being on a horse being led. You see, we went every summer. In fact, we used to spend two months up there.

M: This is at Palehua.

C: Um hm. This is all in Mother's book, most of it. [Ida Knudsen von Holt's The Stories of Long Ago, privately printed in Honolulu in 1953.]

M: Yeh, some of it. Um hm.

C: And the time that Ronald [Alexander Ronald Kamehameha von Holt] let the water all out and we all had to go home, that's all in Mother's book and that's a very nice thing to go back on. That's really good because it's all been very well authenticated and carefully put down.

M: Uh huh.

C: Well, after that I can remember things like we used to play Indians. We were all very Indian-minded. "Hiawatha" was one of Mother's favorite poems and Mother used to read aloud a lot. Of course there were no movies and no TV and no nothing. We went up there and we were there. We used to sit around after supper and Mother would read poetry or read stories, or Dad would tell stories, and this was our evening's entertainment till it was time to go to bed. And then we all got our feet washed because they were dirty and we got put to bed.

We never had a bath at night because it was too cold. You'd have your bath after you came back in the afternoon. What you had for a bath--I think it's described in there--was a little open-air place with canvas around it, and then you'd go in there and wash yourself and throw a bucket [of water] over you and, boy, if you didn't yell, you didn't have a bath because that was all there was to it. You know, these are the things that people just don't believe now in the modern days. You can't live without a bathroom, but we had no bathrooms. We went outside.

We had a ladies hale li'ili'i and a gentlemen's hale li'ili'i. And that's where that famous story came in where somebody met one of the young ladies coming back from the ladies hale li'ili'i and, trying to make conversation, said, "Rather chilly on the whole," and she said, "And off it, too." (laughter) It brought down the house.

Don't you think that's rather a dear story? I do too.

This is the sort of thing that I can remember, and it doesn't really make any sense because it isn't possible anymore wherever you go. You go camping, yes, but we had a cabin and it was comfortable, but we never had any plumbing because we only had rainwater. Now they have only rainwater but they have plumbing. They've learned to put more tanks. In those days you had to take everything up by horseback and muleback.

M: Your water too?

C: (to someone at the door) Hello. (to Lynda) Turn off your cassette if you've got it on. (recorder turned off and on again) He was a mountaineer and that's all in the book. Actually I think everything that I could tell you is in that book. Mother wrote the book but we all talked and discussed it at great length and so, really, almost everything that I could tell you is in that book.

M: Except things that are specifically about yourself, your own experiences.

C: Well, I was telling you about the Indians. This was one of the things because Mother used to read to us and we all became Indians. My brother Hermann [Valdemar von Holt] was Hiawatha and my sister was Nokomis and we all wore headbands. You see, there were wild turkeys up in the mountains in those days.

M: Oh really?

C: Oh yes, before the mongoose began to be so strong, you see. And we used to make Indian headdresses. When Mother was first up there--I don't remember this--they used to go up when they wanted a turkey and they would be all roosting on the tree and Dad would take a stick with a hook on it and he'd say, "Psst" and the gobbler would stick up his head and he'd pull it down and then they'd have a turkey for dinner. (Lynda laughs) Those were good old hunting days. So those things are almost impossible for people to believe but this is true.

M: Yeh. I wonder where the turkeys came from. Certainly they're not native, huh?

C: No, no, no, they were just turkeys that had escaped or there were no mongoose or. . . . No, we don't have turkeys here. I don't know where they came from. Somebody was raising turkeys and some of them got away and it was a good healthy place. I raised turkeys, too, at one period

of my life but it was in Wahiawa and it was too wet for them and the little ones all died. We never had much success.

But the hunters were always coming up to the mountains to hunt goats and we were always being brought little goats, little kids, because the mother would be shot and there would be two little babies and they'd bring them back to us and we had to raise them. I remember one time we didn't have any nipples and the little things were starving. We had some Pond's Extract which was kind of a witch hazel medicine. We poured the stuff out and we put dilute canned milk in and we put a rag in and we got the little things sucking on our fingers and then we slipped the rag in the milk and pretty soon the little things were drinking. And then my brother rode all the way down to Ewa to get baby nipples so we could raise them. We raised these little goats and they used to be our little babies. They didn't know they weren't people. They were cute. They used to sleep with my sister and me.

M: (laughs) I love goats.

C: Pat them in the night if they cried, you know.

M: I think they're terrific animals.

C: Oh, they're lovely animals.

M: They have so much personality.

C: Oh, they've got lots of personality. But the hunting up there and the trail-digging, the wonderful trails that Dad worked on. He had these two foresters and he used to dig the trails, and then we were always given little canteens and this wasn't for us to drink. This was a canteen which we had around our waists and whenever we went along and there'd be a little koa tree, we watered it and we put a little barricade around it so that it wouldn't be hurt and broken down. We were conservationists in those days; we were trying to bring back the forest.

There was lots of sandalwood up there. I can remember lots of sandalwood and there's no more now, though it's beginning to come back. Once in awhile you'll find a little one now. But you know, in the old days there used to be all these indigenous trees. Now it's all just the forest that Dad planted because the goats had eaten it all down. There was no forest hardly. I wish you could see the pictures that there used to be. I don't have any pictures of how bare the mountains were in those days. You just couldn't believe.

M: Well, I've seen pictures that the Cookes had of Luakaha.

C: Yes, unbelievable.

M: In Nuuanu there were hardly any trees. There were monkey-pods. You could see a few koa and stuff way up high.

C: But very little.

M: Yeh.

C: And you know, all the way out to Punahou [School] was called The Plains and there were no trees. It was dry and dusty.

M: Yeh, I've seen pictures of that--just a palm tree here and there. (chuckles)

C: In those days, you see, people didn't take care of anything. They didn't know about it and it was too dry. There was plenty of water but people didn't do that. The Hawaiian houses were all at the beaches and up the valleys where there was water, where they could grow their taro and stuff.

But that book of Mother's is a very great treasure for the past.

M: Oh, I enjoyed it very, very much.

C: Well, the part where my aunt told about the things she remembered. Miss Marie von Holt--some of those lovely things that she remembers as a girl because, of course, she was born here too. Aunt Marie and Aunt Bertha were a whole generation above me so it's way back.

M: Yeh. Let's see now. Your father is Caldwell.

C: No, my father is [Harry Martens] von Holt. My husband is [Henry B.] Caldwell. My mother was a Knudsen and my father's father [Hermann J.F. von Holt] died when he was little. It's all in the book. His father died when he was little and there were three children, and then she married again. She married Canon [Alexander A.] MacKintosh of the Saint Andrew's Cathedral and he was stepfather and step-grandfather to all of us and that was way back. You see, I was only four when my grandmama died. I just remember her [Lily Brown von Holt MacKintosh] very dimly.

I remember her quite well, surprisingly enough. She used to keep a little blue jar on a little table and in it were lemon drops. Whenever we came in, the first thing she would say after we'd greeted her and kissed her was,

"Have a lemon drop, darling." I can just hear the tone of voice. Isn't it a scream, the things you remember? But those things were part of the very dim past.

Then came the years when we were growing up and going to school and we used to ride [horseback]. I suppose I could remember more about the real tiny past--about my friends, Kealoha Waterhouse and Peggy Wilder who lived next door. Kealoha [Carter Waterhouse (Mrs. John) Ingle] lived up on Wyllie Street. We used to all have horses and we used to all ride up Alewa Heights on our horses and there were no houses. It was bare. We just rode up there and there were fields and pastures and there were no houses.

M: This is when you were about how old?

C: Oh, twelve, thirteen, maybe a little younger. I don't remember exactly. We used to ride down to school and then tie our horses up. The school I went to was on Kuakini Street, called the Valley School. I think maybe I was younger, maybe nine or ten. When my cousin came to stay with me, she had her eleventh birthday, I think, with us.

M: So you went to that little Valley School.

C: We all went to the Valley School. It didn't go on beyond a certain grade--I don't know whether it was the sixth grade or seventh grade or whatever it was--and then we went to Punahou [School]. But I only went to Punahou for two years [1915-17] and then I went away to boarding school [Westover School in Connecticut]. I think this was quite common in those days for anybody who could afford it, to send their kids away. They wanted them to have a little experience of the outer world rather than just what we had here, which we all thought was the only thing there was and you have to find out that there are other things in the world.

When I was about four, going on to five because I think it was in 1905, Mother and Dad and the five of us all went up to California and spent a summer in Big Bear with my aunt. That was my first experience with any real mountains, aside from our mountains, and I can remember going and we camped out. Oh, getting up there was a long, tedious thing because we were so small and we had to ride one whole day and sleep one night at a place called Seven Oaks and then get up the next morning again. My poor little legs were so stiff because I was so little that my legs were out this way, you know, sitting on the horse. (Lynda laughs) I can remember going up to Halemanu on Kauai and having the cowboy take me off and then I couldn't put my legs together again. (Lynda laughs) I had to go

this way for a long time. Those things you remember.

That time that we were there [in California], we had a hair rope--a big long cowboy rope--all around the fire and we all lay inside the hair rope with our feet toward the fire and our heads out. I slept between Dad and Mother, I think, or between Dad and Hermann or something. I asked Dad or Uncle Herbert why they had the hair rope and he said, "Because the rattlesnakes don't come across the hair; it tickles their stomachs." It's a happy little thought, you see. Fun, to them. (Lynda laughs)

M: Was that literally the case?

C: That's the case.

M: I never heard of that in my life and I grew up there. (laughs)

C: That's why you have hair ropes when you go camping. You put them down and the rattlesnakes don't cross it; it tickles their stomachs. Uncle Herbert must have known. Oh, he was a great teaser; he may have made it up. But why bother to do that if there wasn't some reason for it? I'm sure it was as good a reason as any. (Lynda laughs)

M: I'll have to remember that.

C: I can remember a lot of things about that trip because it was all very interesting going out in the lake. The lake was not the way it is now. It was much smaller because they built a bigger dam and then filled it up later. But I can remember going out in a little boat--I don't know whether it was a rowboat; probably, because I don't think Aunt Margaret would let us have the canoe--and getting mud hen eggs out of the nests. They had little mud hens on the lake. We always were bringing them home and they were always rotten. Mother used to be so mad because she'd say, "Why don't you just leave the eggs alone? If they're good eggs, the mother will hatch them." But we thought it was so exciting to have mud hen eggs. Once in awhile we'd get good ones and we'd eat them. We thought we were terribly devilish. (Lynda laughs)

And they had a hot springs. We used to be taken over once a week and bathed in the hot springs, 'cause that's really to get you clean. We didn't get so clean in the other kind of water. That was just above Lake Arrowhead, you see, on the top of the mountain there.

What else can I think of, going back to the Hawaiian Islands which is what you're interested in? The mountains were the big thing. We didn't have the beach place until a good deal later, but we went over there. We used to

come back from the mountains, and go too, by train.

M: Go from town to . . .

C: From town to Honouliuli, which is this side of Ewa. We used to go in the 9:15 train and that meant we had to all be up and dressed and have our breakfast and be down there with all our bags. Dad had those big Japanese baskets, and then they were all sewed into gunny bags so that they could be tied on the pack horses. It was quite a project: the proper saddles for everybody and the proper blankets and bridles that went with the proper horses. It was quite a chore to get this all done, and so much easier to get in an automobile and drive, but in those days it wasn't that way.

M: Who did all this organizing.

C: My dad. Mother and Dad worked it all out. Dad was in charge of the land department for the railroad so that the ranch was under his jurisdiction. A man named Louis Warren, who ran it, was a wonderful guy. He had a Hawaiian wife and a little adopted daughter, his wife's daughter. We used to think it was great fun because we would get there and it would be hot down on that Ewa plain. Oh, it would be hot. And then we would all have lunch and it would be cowboy lunch, you know--stew and rice and potatoes and poi. We'd all sit there and choke it down because we were hungry, but it seemed like such a hot meal.

Then we'd all get into the wagon, because Mother always had a wagon to go the first [part of the] way. Some of the boys used to ride [horseback], and later when I got older I used to ride too because it was a good place for galloping through the cane fields. Hot and dusty. Then we'd get up to a certain spot called 29-B where the horses would meet us and we'd get out of the wagon and all the ukana [baggage, cargo, supplies] would be loaded onto the pack horses. There were always two pack horses or mules. Then we'd all start up the mountain.

You know when they built that road that goes up to the top of the mountain [Palehua]? Most of the last part of the road covers exactly the same places our trail did, so Dad was a pretty good surveyor. He did a good job of that trail. And I can remember that so well, the riding up there. We'd get up there and be absolutely exhausted. We had been all day long in the train and the saddle, then we'd all get up there and it would be cold and it would be beautiful and we'd be so thrilled. Mother always had that sweet condensed milk and she'd mix it with cocoa and hot water, you see, and this was our big thrill. We were never allowed to have it down here.

M: Oh really?

C: No, because this was something for Palehua. Mother was a very wise woman. We never had canned fruits down here; we had fresh fruits. But up there we had canned pineapple and canned peaches and those things because that was Palehua. So when we went up there that was a real thrill, see, instead of just, "Uhh, canned fruits." Those are pretty smart thoughts. A psychological wonder she was because she had five small kids and she knew how to handle the situation. She was quite a gal. But I can remember that very well.

I can remember getting up there and how cold it felt. Mother always had those heavy green and red blankets. We didn't have any army blankets but we used to have calico-colored sheets and they were thin and easy to wash. We had those on the beds and everything smelled of camphor because we kept the blankets all in a camphor box with camphor balls.

M: Did you bring your blankets up there with you?

C: No, they were there.

END OF SIDE 1/1ST TAPE

Dancing school was one of the things. We used to have roller skating and we all used to go to the roller skating rink. That was down on Bethel Street near where the Hawaii Theater is.

M: Oh really? You had a rink.

C: A rink. A roller skating rink. You rented your roller skates and they fitted them to you and you perambulated around there. We thought that was great. We were always getting spills, but who didn't? But the dancing school, the thing that I remember the most is Aunt Mary Gunn. She had a black pleated chiffon skirt.

M: This is the lady that ran it.

C: This was the lady that was the dancing teacher.

M: Could you spell her last name for me?

C: G-U-N N. Mary [Caroline] Wilder Gunn. She was a widow lady. She had a son but I've forgotten what his name was [Charles Carter Gunn?] and he was always there too. The Stanley boys and the Mott-Smith boys and the Galt boys and the Cooke boys and the Eckhart boys and--I can't remember

his name, but his father was an editor of the [Honolulu] Advertiser or the [Honolulu] Star-Bulletin at that time. [Lorrin Potter Thurston?] I don't remember his name now, but these were the boys and there were lots of them. Then there were all the girls and they were all ages. You see, they all went to dancing school and as you grew older you knew more dancing. Then she divided and she had older class and younger class.

M: What age would you start?

C: Oh, you started when you were very small, about ten or eleven years old, something like that.

M: And you stayed with it through high school?

C: And you stayed with it, yes. Well, I don't know about through high school because I went away, but you went from the time you were old enough to be taught to dance. Then we had a grand march at the end, and a boy and a girl had to hold hands and go over and the girl had to curtsy and the boy had to bow to Mrs. Gunn. (Lynda chuckles) And the music was: "Ta ta ta, ta ta ta ta ta." (sings the tune) And do you know, I can just see us all going around. (continues singing and Lynda laughs) I don't know what it was called but this was the music . . .

M: I know the tune.

C: . . . that just meant the end of dancing school and we could hardly wait because we all rushed downstairs and before we took the streetcar to go home again we all went to Benson and Smith's, which was the place we could get our first sodas and this was great. I don't suppose Hollister's [Drug Store]--yes, they must have had it too, but I remember Benson-Smith's because they had little tables outside on the sidewalk where you could get your ice cream soda and sit down, or your sundae. I can remember how divine those chocolate sodas were. You see, we didn't know about these things; this was new.

M: That really was new then?

C: I mean, yes. There wasn't anything before that. We'd had ice cream with sauce on it, but this was something fuzzy, see. We'd all have a soda and then we'd all go home, and everybody went up the valley that went up the valley, and everybody that went out to The Plains went out. Sometimes their parents would send for them either in the carriage or in the . . . In fact, I seem to remember that we used to be taken home quite a lot in the carriage because we

had a wonderful horse. Ah, that's something to remember. She was named Dimples, and you know why? Because she had dimples on the back end of her, and when we were sitting (Lynda laughs) in the thing, here was this horse switching its tail and every time she walked there'd be a dimple. Sorry, I'll have to answer that thing. (leaves to answer the phone; recorder turned off and on again)

. . . all kinds of people. I mean I can't even remember all the people that were there. I wonder if you could talk to Dorothea [Alice Cooke] Paris. You know who she is--Mrs. [Edwin] Lewers Paris?

M: Brenda [Cooke (Mrs. J. Scott B.)] Pratt [III] told me I should talk to her.

C: Well, you should talk to her because she might remember. She's the last one of those [Cooke] sisters that's left, because Anna [Frances Cooke (Mrs. Harold T.) Kay] died and Martha [Love Cooke (Mrs. Alva E.) Steadman] died. [Also living at the time of the interview was Alice Cooke (Mrs. Roger) Kent.] Dorothea was one of my contemporaries. She was a little older, about Ronald's age, but we are complete contemporaries. Well, I don't see her very much because she lives way out in Kahala and I live way up here, but our children know each other and love each other, so that there's always been a nice feeling there.

When she used to live up the valley and when she was a little girl, they were raised on Keeaumoku Street, I guess it is. That was where their home was and they had the most beautiful golden shower tree, which I remember very well, out in the front of their yard. The things you remember, you know. Why? Why do I remember suddenly the golden shower? Just seeing it there.

M: Yeh.

C: And the Parises. She was a Cooke. She was one of Clarence [Hyde] Cooke's [daughters]; and little [Charles] Montague Cookes lived up Manoa. And you know, I can remember when Carolene [Alexander Cooke] Wrenn was born. Mrs. Heaton [L.] Wrenn. My mother was upstairs . . .

M: She's not that much younger than you are, though.

C: Yes, she is. I must have been nearly ten, I think. I don't think she's much over sixty. I don't really know. [There is about a six-year difference in their ages.]

M: I've only met her a couple of times.

C: Well, I have no idea how old she is but maybe I was only

five. I know we still had only one telephone. Maybe she was born in 1905, but anyway, whatever it was, Dad had to go down the stairs. The telephone rang in the early morning and we had only one telephone and it was one of those cranking things and Dad went down and we all came to the top of the stairs to find out. I heard him say, "Oh, Montague, how wonderful. Wait till I tell Ida. Ida, Monte and Lila have a little girl." So you see, I can remember that very plainly.

M: For heaven's sake. They must have been very close friends of your father's to call you up.

C: They were very, very close friends, yes. Well, we knew the baby was coming and it was the first baby and all very exciting. Having that kind of a telephone made you, communication-wise, very close because before the telephone, of course, it was quite something to get. . . .

You know, I can remember when we used to have a central who used to telephone to everybody and tell them all [the news, such as], "The ship your daughter is coming home on is sighted off Diamond Head now, so you can get ready to go down." (Lynda laughs) When they put in the automatic telephones, you know what she did? She called everybody up and told them goodbye.

M: Oh, for heaven's sake.

C: Now you won't believe it but that's how we were. Everybody knew everybody. I knew every streetcar conductor by name. I knew them all. They were our friends. You knew everybody. When you went downtown, you didn't see one soul you didn't know. You might not know them friendly; I mean they weren't perhaps what you might call now social equals, but they were all your friends. And the people in the stores, we knew them all; we knew them by name. Heavens, I should say we did. A lot of people that I know very well now, I knew then. They're all older people.

I have a very dear, beloved friend who's over at Pohai Nani, and my sister's over at Pohai Nani. [Mary Elizabeth von Holt (Mrs. Robert E.) White] This young woman, at that time, was working in the Liberty House. She was the head of one of those departments and she and I always fall on each other's necks because we remember when the Liberty House was a little tiny store and we all knew everybody. Now they've got so many Liberty Houses I don't know anybody in them anymore.

M: Yeh, they're so huge.

C: Everything's huge. Too many people. In those days it was

small. And it really was small, but this dancing school-- I'm sorry nobody's told you about that. Is that not mentioned in Scott Pratt's book? [The Hawaii I Remember. Honolulu: Tongg Publishing Company, 1965]

M: Not that I remember.

C: Well, maybe he didn't think it was something worthwhile but, boy, I remember them all being--I'm sure they were all there. Pete [Peter] Young was another one. The J.O. Youngs [Jesse Oliver and Cara Isabel Carter Young] lived over on. . . . And Freddy [Frederick Layman] Waterhouse. Oh, he had the biggest feet and he used to have to wear these great big clodhopper boots because that was the only kind of shoes he could wear on his big feet.

M: (laughs) He had to wear the boots to dancing school?

C: He wore the boots to dancing school. He couldn't get any shoes big enough to fit his feet. Donald [Hempstead] Young and Pete Young and their sister [Cara] Genevieve [Kealoha Young], who's now dead. I think Donald's dead. Pete moved away. Yes, I think Donald's dead but that doesn't matter. I don't think it matters. You lose track of people and you don't know whether they're dead or alive. Well, I used to see them all while my children were little because then their children and my children would be contemporaries, you see. But then my kids have all grown up and I lived on Lanai for twelve or thirteen years and, you know, you lose people during the time like that.

M: Yeh, right.

C: I had a very beautiful and interesting life as a child because we had all kinds of lovely things happening. Like, for instance, one day--I'm not sure this isn't in the book. Mother used to always invite somebody from church on Sundays to come up for Sunday dinner because we always kept our help till after Sunday dinner and then they went off. They didn't get off first thing Sunday; they waited and cooked dinner because we all went to church. We were never allowed to pick our chicken bones when we had company. When there was no company we all picked our chicken bones. And I remember one day when Sir George Davies was invited with his lovely lady Nellie. He was the youngest son of Theophilus H. Davies [who started] T.H. Davies & Company, [Limited]. Then Clive Davies was a great friend of ours. They lived on Judd Street in Nuuanu and their three children that were born here were our friends. I still go and see her, Muriel, when I go to England. She lives there.

M: Where did he get the Sir George?

C: Well, he was made a member of Parliament when he got back to England. He was living in England from the time he was a young man, see, and he went into politics and became a member of Parliament and was knighted and became Sir George Davies.

M: And he was the son of T.H.

C: He was the son of T.H. who started Davies & Company. Sir George and Lady Nellie came for dinner and of course we all adored them. We'd known them when they'd been back and forth [from England] and they were great friends of ours, and so we all were happy to have them come. We all went in and a beautiful platter of fried chicken, or broiled chicken Mother usually had, was brought in and Sir George said, "Oh, goody! We can all pick our bones." (Lynda laughs) With one move you could see all the little von Holts looking at their mother and Mother graciously saying, "Yes, of course." (Lynda laughs) We all picked our bones then. We thought that was divine. So after that, every time we ever had chicken we always said, "Well remember, if Parliament can do it, we can all do it." My mother had a hard time with us. So that was a wonderful story.

I remember another thing that makes me think of the table was Mother giving me bread and my eating the bread and not eating the crusts. I used to always put the crusts on the plate and I wouldn't eat it. Mother would say, "Come on, darling, eat the crusts because it'll make your hair curly." I remember looking at her for a long time and finally pushed it over and said, "Mama, you eat it. I'd like to see you curly-haired." (Lynda laughs) That fixed her all right; she couldn't do a thing but give it up. She had nice curly hair and mine has to be permanent. I didn't eat my crusts.

M: I thought your hair was naturally wavy.

C: No, it's a new permanent.

M: It looks very natural.

C: Brand new permanent. Well, it's a good permanent; she does a good job.

M: It is. It really is.

C: Well, how else can I go now?

M: Well, I had a question right in my mind. Oh, I was going to ask you--tell me more about how your family, your household and everything was run. You had servants.

C: See, when Mother and Dad were first married in 1890, they came back from their honeymoon and my grandfather had bought and built for them a large house. In those days things were done on a large scale. Here was this young couple and there were three bedrooms upstairs with a bath, and a drawing room, so-called, and a hall and a dining room and a kitchen downstairs. It was an enormous house and they had a couple. In those days, you see, they paid twenty-five dollars a month for a couple and gave them a bag of rice. That was a large sum to pay in those days for help, twenty-five dollars.

We had a wonderful couple and then as the babies came. . . . Mother had her children, five kids all fairly soon. They were born in the 1890's and I was born in 1900 and I was the fifth child, so she had them right after another. I was a surprise; she didn't expect to have me. She thought that she'd had enough children. Afterward she said to me, "I was very sad when I knew I was going to have another baby. I thought I had enough children, but just think, if I hadn't had you I wouldn't have had my dear little Katharine." I remember being very happy about that because Mother and I were very close. Afterwards when the other kids were all off, I was the baby and I was with her a lot. I remember going down to Waialua one time and spending several days at the Haleiwa Hotel just with my mother because she wasn't feeling well and I went. I used to row her up the river. I suppose she was probably having the change of life because I remember now that she was suffering from that.

Mother had a lovely couple and they [her parents] didn't use the upstairs at all at the first, and then when they had the first baby coming they moved upstairs and then they had the second baby. Then later on they built on a guest room downstairs and a small den so that it made it a very comfortable, very lovely house for a family.

We used to have the most marvelous parties. Mother had these beautiful hardwood floors and we could dance--roll up the rugs and dance. Nobody ever thought of having dances anywhere except at home and you had music boys--you know, Hawaiian music. We never had anything but Hawaiian music. We had great big porches all around so that it was protected and everybody could go outside and sit on the porches and cool off and have lemonade. Nobody ever thought of anything but lemonade or that kind of stuff. We never even had soda water. Maybe we had ginger ale. I guess that was old enough. And I do remember something. Mother used to put ginger ale and grape juice together and

it was the most divine dish. You know, chilled, with ice in it. Awfully good, with a little mint maybe. Those things you remember.

We used to have beautiful parties and we used to have Halloween parties. This would be outside on the porch and we'd bob for apples. And we'd have a flour bag with a cracker on it and you were supposed to try to bite the cracker and the flour always hit you in the face and the first thing you know you were all dusty. (Lynda laughs) And then somebody always on Halloween had a sheet all over them and a kid glove with wet salt in it and everybody had to shake this cold clammy hand and this was a ghost, see. These were the sort of things we did because we had nothing outside. This was all invented by people.

And then there's another thing we used to do. We used to put wood alcohol on salt, I think, and then lit it and there was this eerie green flame. Everybody had to sit around and tell ghost stories with this eerie green flame (Lynda laughs) lighting up all these faces and their eyes would get bigger. Those were the real Halloween parties in those days. It was something, you know.

M: Yeh, yeh.

C: And then Mother's beautiful afternoon teas. You see, in those days everybody had a day when they stayed at home and Wednesday was the day for Nuuanu, so everybody from everywhere else would come calling in Nuuanu and you stayed at home Wednesdays so your friends would find you at home. And then on Tuesdays or Thursdays or Mondays or whenever, you went calling on your friends whose days at home were that day. That's the way you visited. We had it pretty well organized. Of course you didn't play with people who didn't live pretty close to you unless you were invited to go by the carriage or by the automobile.

We didn't have a car until I was almost fifteen because Dad didn't believe in cars and we had the horse with the dimples. Fabulous horse with dimples on her behind. We used to drive down to church and tie up the horse and we went into church and stayed until they were going to have the sermon--this was when I was real small--and then Mother would let us go out because she didn't want us to be bored with church. We would go out and the old coachman whose name was Kihara--he also milked the cows--used to take care of us. He used to walk us around and tell us stories and he was a lovely little man. In fact, he was so dear he used to go to a store down by the railroad station and buy toys and then he'd have toys to give us when we'd come out from church. Little Japanese toys.

M: Oh, for heaven's sake.

- C: It's a lovely thing to remember how kind those people were. They were so good to little children. This man could stand on his hands and walk, and that's one of my loveliest memories, is Kihara walking on his hands with his feet in the air. This used to entertain us.
- M: I'll bet.
- C: Oh, we thought he was divine. We thought he was better than any magician show.
- M: And you all tried to do it? (chuckles)
- C: Oh, of course, and we all fell down, naturally. We also had a little sandbox with a cover outside under a big monkeypod tree where we were allowed to do cooking and we used to cook on a candle. We were allowed to have these cheap candles and we had little jelly-glass covers which we would use to cook in and Mother used to give us little bits of meat and little pieces of vegetable and we would use the thicker jar covers and make a little stew. We learned how to make pretty good-tasting little things, only this was for dolls. But of course we ate it.
- M: Oh, for heaven's sake. You cooked on a candle.
- C: Cooked on a candle because that was a perfectly good heat, you see. Then we had a house that had been a storeroom, I guess, but Mother had it all cleaned out and we had chickens. We raised chickens in an incubator, my brother and I. Oh gad, I don't remember how long ago but Ronald was in Punahou by then so he was old enough to be in Punahou, and I was still at the Valley School. And ours was an incubator that didn't have electricity, you understand. We didn't have any electricity. In the house we had gas lamps and out here we had a kerosene light to keep the incubator warm and I came home from school and the light was out.
- I had to do something about it and I didn't know what to do, so I went and telephoned to Punahou and it was the days when dear Mary [Persis] Winne was still there and I called her and said, "Miss Winne, I've got to speak to Ronald von Holt. It's a matter of life and death." So Miss Mary Winne sent somebody rushing upstairs to get Ronald and he came down and I said, "Ronald, the lamp is out and I'm afraid all the eggs will die." And he said, "My God, why didn't you light the lamp?" and I said I didn't know whether I was supposed to. And he said to light the lamp, so I lit the lamp. I was very small, but I was allowed to do this. (Lynda laughs) Well, it was a matter of life and death. Well, the eggs all hatched and we

named all the chickens.

We raised Plymouth Rocks, five Plymouth Rocks, and we used to name them all and then when Mother would have them for dinner we couldn't eat them. We'd cry, you know, because here came old Mrs. Fork or Mrs. Jones or whatever her name was. We used to whistle "Alexander's Ragtime Band" when we fed them. That was new then. (Lynda laughs) And so the chickens all understood that this music that we sang--that was the only one--they would come running from all over the yard to be fed. And when we'd come home from school along Judd Street and start singing and whistling, all these great big fat old hens would come running down the road and come meet us on the street. (Lynda laughs) Can't you love it? I think it's a kick. I think these are the kind of things that people ought to know. You're right, this is interesting. We had a very varied and exciting childhood.

Then Mother had a laundress. They all lived on the place. Everybody all had their servants' houses.

M: Oh, you mean a separate house.

C: A separate house, yes. Oh yes, you always had them in their own house. Then when we got the garage we had a chauffeur, and he and his wife also lived in their quarters. Then the cook and his wife moved away and they lived down on. . . . We had a Chinese yardman and then we had the vegetable man. That's something that you might not have heard. I think maybe it's in Scott's book.

He used to come with his shoulder pole and two great big Chinese baskets with vegetables. And he had little tin buckets of strawberries for five cents a bucket. The most beautiful strawberries you ever tasted. They were small but terribly good. In those days they came from Wah-iawa. So this little old man used to come along--Charlie was his name--and afterwards Mrs. Clarence [Hyde] Cooke, I think it was, bought him a little truck and gave it to him because he went all over with his vegetables. But he used to come down Judd Street and he would come up the driveway bearing these baskets and he would say, "Sawbellies, sawbellies, five cents one tin." (Lynda laughs) We all knew what he meant but it sounds awful. I think somebody has mentioned that in some one of these books because I seem to remember that, whether it's in Scott's book or my mother's book.

I remember one time when Dr. [W.T.] Brigham who lived on Judd Street. . . . He was the head of Bishop Museum and he was a very crotchety old man. Everybody was scared to death of him and I wasn't for some reason or other.

M: Brigham?

C: Brigham. Dr. Brigham. He had an old hack with a horse and he came along and somebody said, "Oh, here comes Dr. Brigham. Get out of the way." And I said, "I'm going to ask him to give us a ride." And they said, "You wouldn't dare," and I said, "Yes, I would." So I stopped him. I said, "Dr. Brigham! Dr. Brigham!" and he stopped. And I said, "May I have a ride?" and he said, "Why, of course." So I stepped on the step and it broke (Lynda laughs) and then he had to help me in, but he drove me to the end of Judd Street and then I had to walk back and all the other kids thought I was so brave. What a thing to remember.

M: Your reputation was made.

C: He was a lovely old man. He had a lovely bushy white beard. But he was kind to me always. But he was very crotchety. I think it's because people used to tease him, tease the horses and that sort of thing. Anyway, he was an old bachelor and he was a crotchety old man.

As far as Mother's menage went, there was a cook and his wife, and a second maid and they all worked. Then they had a laundress and they had probably two yardmen because we had a big yard. And the man who looked after the cows and drove the horse, afterwards just became a handy-man because he couldn't learn to drive a car--he wasn't smart enough--so we had another chauffeur. Mother had an automobile at one period which was very beautiful, and we told her that she looked like a mushroom under glass because it was a limousine. (Lynda laughs) She didn't like that much. She said, "I'd rather be a jewel in the jewel case." She was priceless. Can you think of anything else?

M: Yeh.

C: That's about enough, I think, of that. I can't think of anything else particularly, except the beautiful parties we used to give. Maybe that would be something.

M: Yeh.

C: I think that's all in the book too. Mother used to have these beautiful dinner parties and our dining table would stretch out and she could seat about twenty-four [people] and then she would get in extra people for waiting [table]. They always had several wines, each went with a course. Then after dinner they'd all get up and sweep out in their evening dresses. The gentlemen would all go into the study and the ladies would go into the drawing room and all the little von Holt kids came down the back stairs and went and tossed off all the extra wine left in all the

glasses, if there was any left. (Lynda laughs) Boy, I tell you, we got our taste for it early. It was lovely. Oh yes, I can remember many of those sort of little lovely touches. I think the entertaining in those days was definitely gracious. The Japanese ladies all wore their little kimonos and little aprons and they looked very neat. Nobody wore uniforms, they just had little kimonos with the sleeves tied back the way they did with those little straps so that they didn't touch the food.

M: Yeh. How often would your parents entertain? Was it a regular thing or . . .

C: Not that type of party. That would be more of an occasion but the Sunday entertaining and the things of that kind were more or less frequent. Mother had a large and loving family and whenever they'd come up they were always there. Mother had enough room there in her house to have all kinds of visiting people, you know. The boys always had friends coming back from school and college, and we all had schoolmates and friends coming back. It was a pretty busy household but she had all this help and she didn't care; she was a very good organizer.

In those days you had to travel by boat, of course. There was no other way of coming and that used to be half the fun, except I used to be a dreadfully bad sailor so I never enjoyed the boat at all, but everybody else used to have a wonderful time. They'd all get to know each other and people would have beaux--you know, shipboard romances --and then it would go on, so it was rather fun. We had lots of summer house guests always. I do remember Mother having quite a few very lovely parties, evening parties, but I don't remember how many or how often she had them because it didn't mean anything particularly.

M: Uh huh. I was going to ask you--besides the Chinese man that came out with vegetables, did you grow some?

C: Yes. Oh yes.

M: You had your own garden?

C: We had a beautiful garden. Oh yes, we raised all those things and that was all part of what the yardmen had to do and what Kihara had to do. He helped with that. There were no markets, per se. You didn't ever buy fresh produce at the store. You went down and got things at the grocery. That was C.J. Day and Company, and Henry May and Company. They were both on Fort Street and they were fancy grocers.

M: What does that mean?

C: That means they had what you'd call gourmet things. You know, they had the better variety of stuff. Mr. Day was an Englishman and he used to have all kinds of English imported things.

M: Biscuits and all that sort of thing.

C: Biscuits and water crackers and some things that you just hardly dare to even think of how much better they were. And always oatmeal, of course. This is what we had mostly. And we always had scrambled eggs and bacon. That was one of the big treats for Sunday.

Then I can remember Dad going off. You see, he was up there to the mountains quite often, and he'd get up early in the morning and go down and have his early breakfast to go off early in the morning to take the early, early train. And all the little kids, we used to come downstairs--I guess we were pretty small because I was little and they were all bigger--and Dad always had to have four or five eggs cooked because we all ate half of his breakfast. He'd have to give each of us a taste from it. (Lynda laughs) He used to have boiled eggs in a glass with toast and butter, and salt and pepper. No eggs in the world have ever tasted as good as those eggs. That I remember very clearly.

We used to go for walks with Dad every Sunday morning. We'd get up at six o'clock and we'd walk until nine. We'd be all over these valleys, Pauoa and. . . . Dad knew all the Hawaiians and I can remember calling out to them, calling them by name and they'd say, "Hi, Hale, Hale!" You know, Harry was Hale. It was very lovely.

We used to walk up Rooke's valley, which is back of the [Oahu] Country Club. That used to be a lovely hike. And up into Kalihi. We used to go on long hikes, then we'd come back and have breakfast and go to church. We always went to church but church wasn't till eleven o'clock, so we'd get back and have breakfast. At ten o'clock we all had to stop and get dressed for church. I can remember having to wear a hat to church and it used to hurt my forehead. I had a beautiful hat. It was made of some sort of ruching--white ruching with little forget-me-nots on it. Oh, it was divine. Gorgeous little hat but, oh, it hurt my head. (Lynda laughs) And shoes. You know, we had to wear shoes.

M: Did you have to dress up this way for school?

C: No.

M: What sort of things did you wear to school?

C: We just wore gingham dresses and . . .

M: Bare feet?

C: . . . bare feet, because it was better not to get wet feet. Or if it was cold we had shoes but it used to get muddy. You see, nothing was paved. It was better to carry your shoes and put them on there, which was incidentally one of the things that everybody used to do. They used to carry their shoes in a bag, then they'd sit down and put their shoes on to keep their feet warm, if they needed to be warm. In the dancing days when my aunt used to go, she used to walk out to the dance and then sit down and put her shoes on and dance all night, and then come back, take her shoes off and walk home so as not to spoil her slippers. (Lynda laughs) Don't you love it?

M: I wanted to ask you--what happened when you went away to school, and you were the last one in the family, right?

C: Yes. By that time, I guess, Mary was probably home. She's eight years older than I am. Let's see. I went away to boarding school in 1917. Yes. I'd been away once before. We went to stay a year in Boston and left Dad at home. Mary and Mother and I lived in Boston in an apartment. Mother was having trouble with her ears and she'd heard of an ear specialist and she was trying to find out why she was getting so deaf, and so she went and Dad stayed at home because he had to go on working. The two boys, one was in college and one was in school, and Mary was graduated out of. . . . Nobody ever went to college in those days. Very few women went to college but Mary had graduated from school and she was taking domestic science, which is what you call now . . .

M: Home ec [home economics].

C: Home ec, yes. And I went to school, and Hilda [Karen von Holt (Mrs. Oliver Bridgman) Lyman] was at Low and Heywoods School, so she used to be able to come up to Boston on holidays. [Low-Heywoods is a college preparatory day school for girls in Stamford, Connecticut.] Hermann was at Yale [University] and I think it was probably his senior year. It must have been his senior year because Mary went to his senior prom looking absolutely divine. She was the most beautiful creature you ever saw. And then many, many years later I went to the senior prom with my brother, Ronald, and had a marvelous time and danced all night. In those days you never thought anything of it.

M: This was at Yale.

C: Yes. Hilda, I think, missed out on the prom. She went to lots of parties but I don't remember that she was in on one of the proms. In those days you didn't go out with somebody that you didn't know, you know. Maybe she did go. I don't really remember; I'd have to ask her. There were lots of awfully nice young men that Mother trusted because they'd been out and stayed with us for the summers, so she may have gone with one of these fellows that stayed with us, or the Galt boys--they were all there--or my cousin. I mean there were lots of them. Oh my, there were more Hawaii people in the East than there were in Hawaii by that time, but only when they went away, you see.

Then when I went away to school, I went to Westover [School] in Middlebury, Connecticut. This Heather [Jean] Damon that did those cartoons was the same class as I was. We had been to Punahou together. And Edie Podmore [Edith Millicent Carter (Mrs. Henry Ernest) Podmore] and Emily [Montague] Cooke [Mrs. Loyall Allen Osborne, Jr.]--she was Mrs. Joe [Joseph Platt] Cooke's daughter; she's dead now and she'd been living away for many years--they were both there, and [Gertrude Mary] Esme Damon. So that we had quite a coterie of Island girls.

M: All right there in the same school.

C: That's the reason why I guess I went there.

M: Yeh. Sounds like the mothers got together, doesn't it?

C: Well, I think it was just that it seemed like a good idea. It meant that when I went, Mother took the whole coterie. Everybody went all together and in those days you had to go by train and you traveled across the continent. Oh, I can remember how filthy we used to get because it was all old kind of trains, you know, and there was no way of bathing. You used to sponge off and hope for the best. And then going through the snow sheds. See, they had snow sheds in those days, and when there was no snow then it was just terrible coal dust. It was just breathtaking. You couldn't breathe. It was just horrible. Those things I remember. Terrible. When we got to Chicago, we had to change and cross Chicago by omnibus driven by mules.

END OF SIDE 2/1ST TAPE

BEGINNING OF SIDE 1/2ND TAPE

. . . I think about so long, and it had a little cut in the middle, not through, and then there was a bigger stick

and you made a hole in the ground and you put the peewee across it and then you flipped it like this (demonstrates) to get it to go to wherever you wanted it to go. This was a very interesting game, this peewee, and then we of course had all the other regular games that people played but peewee was one of these great games. I just thought peewee was wonderful. I never could make the stick do anything that I wanted but the boys were great at it and we used to really have an awfully good time. The neighborhood gang up here was something. That you will find all in that book of Scott's. He tells a great deal about the gang.

M: Yeh, uh huh.

C: And we used to have bitter battles, you know--real good fights with all the boys. Lorrin [Potter] Thurston was another one; he was in that gang. There's something about him that I remember, but I wouldn't want you to put this down. (tape turned off and on again)

M: I wanted to ask you--is that your mother?

C: That's my mother. That was painted the year I was married by a very fine artist named James Hamlin Gardner Soper. We got to know him in New York and Mother invited him to come out and do a portrait of my grandmother from minia- tures and he said he wouldn't come unless he could have two other commissions; it wouldn't be worth it to him. So she said, "Well, you can paint my portrait." And who was the other one? I've forgotten. Somebody else wanted a portrait painted, and then he threw in one of my dad and Dad didn't want his picture painted. He was very annoyed, and this is the most wonderful picture of my dad, having his portrait painted and being annoyed by it, because this man really got likenesses. Dad sat there being perfectly furious and this is how the picture looks. (laughter) It's a very good picture of Mother and it's very much like she was at that time. She had just begun, you see, to be quite deaf and she sat so often just looking sort of plaintively out into the world. That's in this same sofa that we've been sitting in but it's a different cover.

M: Yeh, she has this sort of patient but pained look on her face.

C: Patient, that's right. Well, I think that was it. Then the picture of Grandmother came out just beautifully, but my sister has it in San Francisco. And the picture of Dad she [Hilda] has too. She took the two of them. I don't know where she's got them in her new house but they're

somewhere around. Maybe she gave one to Peter. I don't remember, but anyway, they're gone from here.

One of the things I remembered when I told you about the lemon drops: Jimmy Soper wouldn't let any of us come and look at it [the portrait of her grandmother] until he'd gotten it where he thought it was far enough along for us to have an idea. He did her portrait first and he had all her old friends who remembered her come in and talk to him about her so he began to get her personality. All he had was the miniatures and the old photographs, tintype-type things, and he made a perfectly beautiful portrait.

It's so exactly like her that when I came in--and I didn't know her from after I was four years old because she died when I was four--I came in and looked at it. Of course I'd seen pictures of her and everything, and the miniatures, and I just said, "Jimmy, it must be perfect because I can just hear her say, 'Have a lemon drop, darling.'" That pleased him to death because he hadn't heard this, you see. This was something that I remembered very plainly. So then he put the little blue dish on the table by her in the portrait because he said this would remind everybody of that. She always said that; she always had lemon drops. And they weren't the kind of lemon drops you buy now; they were big round things that were made by [the Alexander] Young Hotel Candy Shop. And they made the most beautiful peppermints. Those were always served at Mother's dinner parties -pink and white and green, flat peppermints. Little flat patties.

M: Were there little rows or something on the top?

C: No, no, just plain. Beautiful. Oh my, they were much better than any peppermint you ever tasted in your life now, much better. You remember things like that. Probably they weren't any better but I thought they were.

M: Well, things always do seem that way.

C: Yes, I think when you're young and you have things like that, that's so. We used to have beautiful birthday parties. That was another thing that Mother was great on, having birthday parties. She always had people up and our birthdays were great. We had one I remember and everybody came and brought all their dolls, so that the dolls were over there at the birthday party.

M: What a nice idea.

C: Oh, it was lovely. I think I have a picture of it somewhere but I forgot to look up my photograph albums. My

Cousin Ruth [Knudsen Hanner] was staying with us then and we had a flock of kids and there must have been thirty or forty dolls. (Lynda laughs) They were all sitting around this way and the dolls all had to be fed and of course we ate for the dolls. But wasn't that a cute idea?

M: Yeh.

C: Mother was awfully smart about things like that. She was really a great person. And then later on we had dancing parties and I remember having a perfectly divine lettuce green, embroidered lawn evening dress. This was not my first evening dress. My first one was a silk net with little dots in it, and it was all ruffles and the ruffles were lined with satin ribbon. It was very pretty, gorgeous. In fact, I thought I was the cat's pajamas.

But this other one was of lawn--in those days we used a lot of that sort of stuff--and it was very pretty. We had a party and it was a great success and I remember taking it afterwards to Kauai. The Rice girls had a house party. I was wearing this dress and they had a pavilion to dance on. It's where the Kauai Surf is now, you know, and we were invited to this house party. I came out from the dancing and it was dark and I came down. Somebody had brought a great big tub of ice with soda water in it for people to be refreshed and they'd dumped it right in the middle of the pathway. I couldn't see it--my eyes were blinded--and I fell over it. I've still got the mark on my shin to this day. Yes, right there, there's a lump on my shin where I hit that so hard. And I fell in, you see. (Lynda laughs) Lucky it was a washable dress. But isn't that something to remember? The pavilion was over the lily pond. In those days there was a lily pond. They had beautiful parties. They used to give beautiful parties at places like that.

M: Oh, I'll bet. The Kauai Surf is that one right on the harbor there, right?

C: Right there. That was the Rices' home and they sold it to whoever built the hotel. Yes, it was quite a place. We had glorious parties. There's a very cute story about that that I'll tell you. You better not ever quote this, though. I don't know why not; it would be all right as far as I'm concerned.

Juliet [Atwood] Rice, who is Mrs. [Frederick Warren] Wichman--Juliet Rice Wichman, was a pretty hot-tempered girl. And Edith [Josephine] Rice [Mrs. John Christopher] Plews and Juliet were our great friends, and we, my sister and myself, and a great house party was down there. I don't know how many but all the men and the girls, and

Ronald was there and Charlie [Charles M.] Hite was there and all these people that we played around with. Old and young more or less went together. I mean, I was younger but I still went to the parties because we were all more or less of the same age group. I remember we were all drinking ice water, I guess, after one of the parties and my brother Ronald said to Juliet, "Here's to your face that would stop a clock . . ." (Lynda laughs) and she didn't let him finish. This was a quotation he was going to make and she just threw her glass right in his face. He wiped his face and said, ". . . It is so fair, Time deign would linger there." And then she was very embarrassed.

M: Oh no! (laughs)

C: Ronald being the gallant gentleman, you know, and mopping off his face [and saying], "It is so fair, Time deign would linger there." Well, these are the silly things that you remember about parties, but this was great fun.

Charlie [Charles Atwood] Rice, Uncle Charlie, was just wonderful to us and Mrs. Rice, Aunt Grace [Ethel King Rice], was just darling. We used to have the most marvelous times going up the Wailua River on a flat boat and Edith Rice [Plews] making ginger leis, and her long golden hair. She was just about as fat as she is now, in those days, but she was a very beautiful girl--if she just hadn't been so heavy. Juliet [Rice Wichman] was never very good-looking but she had an awful lot of personality and, boy, was she ever a hot spark.

M: I've heard.

C: Yes, still is I guess. She's a good one to talk to. You ought to go talk to her, but you've got to go all the way to Kauai; she wouldn't come over here.

M: Yeh.

C: There're so many books that have been written. I was glad when you told me that this was mostly to be for research up at the University [of Hawaii] because I don't think they need to write another book. I think there's a dime a dozen of books about Hawaii now, you know.

M: Yeh, there are, but there isn't this kind of thing, all in one book [or all in a set of individually-bound books]. You know, I'm not just talking to people like yourself, I'm also talking to Japanese people and Chinese people . . .

- C: Oh yes, I see. You're getting a whole ethnic . . .
- M: . . . part-Hawaiians and . . .
- C: This is probably different.
- M: . . . a cross section of people and their experiences in the old days, so that it's a little different than just some . . .
- C: The firecrackers. Has anybody ever told you about the firecrackers?
- M: No.
- C: Well you see, Chinese New Year's used to be a real big celebration. We didn't have the firecrackers like they have now for New Year's. It was on Chinese New Year's and we had some Chinese servants and they used to bring a string of firecrackers that must have been twenty feet long and tie them up into the tree, and then start them at the bottom and they'd crack all the way up and it went on for I don't know how long. This used to be one of the big thrills, watching all this string of firecrackers. And then they had always those dragons--I mean, what they call the lion dancers--and parades. The lantern parade for the Japanese was beautiful. These were the things that everybody went downtown and lined the streets to see, you know. Much more fun than what we call Aloha Week Parade and all that, though those are nice too.
- M: Yeh, but you would all go down to see the bon dance or whatever.
- C: Oh yes. We didn't have bon dances. I don't remember those at all as a child but they must have had them. But I remember the lantern parade, which was . . .
- M: What was that celebrating?
- C: I think it must have been Girls' Day or sometime in May or June or something when they had little floats with Japanese lanterns on them and it was like fairyland. It was just beautiful; all done with little candles, you know, and going slowly along. It was very pretty. Everybody used to go on the tops of those buildings along there. They were just two stories high and if you knew the people in the Stangenwald Building, for instance, you'd go upstairs, or in the I.O.O.F. Hall, and you'd look down and see this going on. There were crowds of people on the streets watching, and that was a big thrill. And there

was nothing outside [of downtown]. I mean, it was just here. This was town; there wasn't anything outside. People lived right outside [of town].

M: Yeh. You mentioned that your family had a beach house or beach place.

C: Well, they had the beach place at Waikiki. It used to take us hours to get there by carriage, but it was down there across from where the park headquarters is now, right next to . . .

M: Park headquarters. You mean the zoo?

C: You know where the sea wall is at Kuhio Beach or whatever they call it?

M: Yeh.

C: Well, next to that was Cunhas and they had a private home there.

M: Not on the sand, though--back, where the street is now?

C: I suppose it's where the street is now because there was a big yard. It was on the beach, though. There was a beach there in those days. They didn't have this wall and everything. It just was a beach--a huge, big, beautiful beach.

M: Oh, I see.

C: There were no sea walls and stuff like that because there was just a single-strip road. The streetcar went out there and everybody used to ride on the streetcar. We used to ride across McCully Street and there wasn't any street. It was just McCully and the electric car came across it. You could sit in the car, and then we used to count duck eggs because all those swamps in there were still full of farmers raising ducks. That used to be a real thrill because, when we used to come up there from school, we'd have a long ride, you see. I think that's one of the things Tommy [Thomas] Nickerson said in one of his little [articles]: "How do you define a kama'aina? Is it somebody who remembers when there were duck ponds and used to count the duck eggs from the streetcar?" And that's about it, I think.

We used to go out there and spend quite a lot of time in the winter when it was damp up here. We used to spend the time out there. It was right next to the Cunhas and I can remember hearing. . . . They had peacocks at the park and I can remember the peacocks crying in the early morn-